

Did Anybody Ever Say No To You?

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Did Anybody Ever Say No To You?

by [hendollana](#)

Summary

Best friend. Sometimes the world feels stale in Dream's mouth, times like now.

When Dream has barely edited more than twenty minutes of footage because he keeps getting distracted by the way George's cheeks plump up when he laughs.

- or, Dream realises he's in love with George whilst editing his video for him.

Notes

this is a lil gift fic for jay based off his tweet hehe enjoyyyy

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream *likes* editing.

He likes how simple it can be, trimming and pasting clips until his mind is a dull hum of concentration with nothing but soft music flowing out his speakers to distract him. He likes perfecting his own videos, making sure every cut is seamless and all the audio is perfectly matched.

Editing Dream's own videos is easy, editing George's? Less so.

Dream almost regrets his decision when he sees the multiple video files George sends him over

Discord, but a promise is a promise and Dream knows he's going to edit George's video if it's the last thing he does.

After all, he *will* get the bragging rights when the video does well, and the way George had sounded so excited when Dream agreed to edit it for him, he can hardly let George down now.

Still, it doesn't stop the sigh leaving Dream's mouth as he opens up two and a half hours of raw Minecraft footage, trying to ignore the persistent purrs of Patches under his chair.

"Yeah?" Dream murmurs softly when Patches twists herself between his legs, leaning back on his chair a little, "I know, I know, but I promised George I'd edit it for him, I'll give you attention in a bit, sweetheart."

Dream reaches down one last time to give Patches a soft scratch behind her ears, the ones he'd told George she likes the best when George had insisted on being prepared for making Patches his friend when he comes to Florida, before he slips his headphones on, tucking slightly too long blond strands of hair behind his ears so they don't fall into his eyes, and clicks open on Final Cut Pro.

Dream knows his next few hours are going to be filled with endless clips of George, and editing down hours of face camera footage feels sort of daunting for some reason. Dream supposes it's because he never has to do that for himself, he knows that one of the advantages of not having done a face reveal means an entire section of editing he doesn't have to do.

It feels weird sorting through George's video files, reminds Dream of the early days of them starting out on Youtube, when he, George and Sapnap would all voice call and help edit each other's videos, learning tips and tricks from each other.

It makes Dream smile, feelings tinged for a sort of nostalgia he doesn't think most people can experience for something that happened not even two years ago, makes Dream realise just how lucky he's been to experience the past few years with his best friends.

George's laugh pulls Dream out of his thoughts, eyes snapping to his second monitor where George's face camera footage has started playing and Dream's smile remains on his face as he watches George laugh into his sleeves, black fabric pulled over his hands and he had almost forgotten that George had been wearing his Dream merch when they'd recorded.

It makes Dream's stomach swirl a little, the sight of George tipping his head to the side, giggles muffled in the hood of the merch. George wears the hoodie a lot, Dream thinks, sometimes George will Facetime him at five in the morning, voice bright as he explains a new video idea they just *have* to do, and Dream finds himself barely paying attention to the new plugin they need to code, instead, finds himself staring at the way the neckline slips down a little to show a pale collarbone, or the way George has to keep pushing the sleeves back up to his elbows.

It's *cute*, in a way.

Dream shakes his head a bit, clearing his brain of any stray thoughts of George in his merch, dragging the face camera footage into the same tab as the Minecraft footage and voice call audio of him, George and Sapnap. Really, Dream knows he can be done in a few hours if he puts his mind to it and ignore any temptation to go into Sapnap's room and bother the other until he agrees to watch football with him.

The click of his mouse is soothing in a way as Dream begins to overlay the camera footage onto the gameplay, in a way it's just like editing one of his own videos, because Dream knows he talks enough during it for him to still cringe over the sound of his own voice, but instead of focusing on

the clip timeline, Dream finds his gaze drifting a little upwards and falling gently on the footage of George.

It's just, Dream isn't *used* to having to watch over two hours of unabashed George, with all their stupid jokes that are usually cut out from a video leaving George laughing so hard his eyes scrunch up, and he sort of feels drunk on power, fingers betraying him as he repeats one particular clip of George grinning as he says Dream's name, in a tone that Dream is so used to but so not used to in this context.

Context where it's making Dream want to hear George say his name over and *over*, softly into his ear and loudly when he's bent over in laughter, eyes shining with happiness. It's a dangerous thought, a thought that Dream doesn't need to have right now, not when he has a video to edit.

Dream lets out a frustrated groan, head dropping to his desk loud enough to create a bang that makes Patches jump up from the spot she's curled herself up in next Dream's computer.

"Shit, sorry," Dream says, lowering his hand out to let Patches sniff it, her way of accepting his apology, "Do you wanna edit this video for me?"

Patches looks at Dream, turning her head away a little, and Dream isn't sure why he expected any different, "Yeah, didn't think so, it's George's video though, Patches, do you think you'll like him?"

Patches still doesn't reply, but this time she does bump her head onto Dream's palm, twisting so he can scratch a little under her chin, "I think you will, everyone likes George."

Dream knows he isn't even over exaggerating, he thinks it's probably one of the best things about George. The fact that the older has this ability to make everyone love him, the way George enters a Discord channel and everyone in it just *lights up*, moods instantly lifting just because George is there. Dream knows it's special, knows that not many people can bring happiness everywhere they go like George does.

It makes Dream feel special that George chooses to spend most of his time with him, makes Dream wonder what he did to deserve ten hour calls with George, laughs merging together until laughter turns into soft sleepy breathing and the quiet murmur of George's voice as he says goodnight, but keeps the call active.

Dream knows that people don't come as good as George, and knowing him makes Dream believe in fate because George lives halfway across the world and yet Dream still has the pleasure of calling him his best friend.

Best friend. Sometimes the world feels stale in Dream's mouth, times like now, when Dream has barely edited more than twenty minutes of footage because he keeps getting distracted by the way George's cheeks plump up when he laughs or because he finds himself watching George's lips move as he talks, stretched wide over perfect teeth and Dream hates that he thinks he wants to kiss him.

Other times, best friend feels like the most George will ever be, and usually Dream is fine with that, can push any lingering want of *more* to the back of his mind. It feels difficult right now though, not when Dream's pulled George's face camera footage back into full screen just so he can get a closer look at the warm colour of his eyes, shining when he smiles over a joke Sapnap told.

Dream can feel the dread making home in his stomach, replacing swirls with tidal waves, crawling their way up to his throat until Dream lets out a curse, and he thinks weeks worth of repressed

feelings were bound to make themselves be known eventually.

It doesn't help that George's voice is still filtering through Dream's headphones, tone bordering on pleading as past George asks Dream and Sapnap for help and *fuck* Dream cannot be realising he might view George as more than a friend right now.

Dream lets his eyes slip closed, and immediately regrets it when all he can picture is George laughing sleeves of an oversized hoodie, gaze warm as Dream reaches an imaginary hand forward to softly stroke George's cheek, thinking of how George would lean into it, maybe even turn his head and press a soft kiss into Dream's knuckles before pulling Dream forward and into a gentle kiss.

Dream is screwed.

He gets the video edited, because Dream is a man of his word and also because he doesn't think he could stand the thought of George being disappointed in him.

It took a day though, and Dream knows it was mainly because he kept on having to take ten minute breaks to try and stop the press against his throat when he found himself wishing he could brush a strand of George's hair off his forehead, or gently bite his bottom lip, wondering if George would make the same whining noises he makes during a video.

Dream feels kind of stupid now, for having feelings for his best friend and for taking this long to realise he does. He knows Sapnap will never let him hear the end of it if he tells him, will bring up hundreds of clipped stream moments or videos where he thinks it's obvious Dream has feelings for George, and Dream will have to sit and defend himself over the act of repression.

He feels even more stupid for having them in the first place though.

Especially when Dream's mouse hovers over the call button next to George's name, and he thinks about talking to George and letting him know the video is done whilst pretending he didn't spend half of the time it took thinking about how George's hand would feel in his. It's even more stupid when Dream remembers George will never see him as anything more than a friend, and now Dream is going to have to spend the next few months doing everything in his power to unrealise his feelings for George go beyond friendship.

George answers on the second ring, he always does.

"Hey," George speaks out, and his voice in Dream's ears feels like home, "What's up?"

"Nothing," Dream shrugs, even though they haven't got webcams on and George can't see him, "I finished your video."

"You did?" George asks, and Dream almost feels in pain from the way George sounds so happy over Dream actually editing his video for him, as if he was still only joking.

"Yeah," Dream smiles, and he thinks if George could see him now, the fondness on his face might be obvious, "I did say I would."

George hums softly, and Dream wants to scream because it all feels *different* now, George humming feels like something Dream wants pressed against his chest in the wee hours of the morning after they've poured their hearts out to each other, and Dream is so fucking scared this is going to ruin the best thing he has in his life.

“Send it over?” George asks, and Dream thinks he must be closer to his mic than usual, as if he knows Dream is struggling to form sentences right now, “Also, turn on video.”

“Huh, why?” Dream stutters, heart racing, mind instantly jumping to the conclusion that George must know somehow, mustve been able to figure out that Dream has been barely responding to messages because he’s been too busy thinking about George and *fuck*, now he wants to let him down easily over video and this is going to be the worst night of Dream’s life.

“Because I wanna show you the stuff I got when I was with Tommy and the others,” George explains, having no clue of the relief it fills Dream with.

“Oh,” Dream breathes out, wiping the sweat that had been collecting on his palms on the silky material of his shorts, “Why do I need my camera on?”

George huffs, the type of noise that would make Dream drop anything he’s doing to make it up to George, “I don’t like it when it’s just me with cam on, and you’ve just spent like, a day editing my face, it’s only fair I get to look at yours too.”

Dream wonders if George would still be saying that if he knew what the outcome of editing George’s has been, but Dream thinks his willingness to do anything for George has never felt more true as he clicks on the camera icon, bracing himself for George’s face filling half his screen.

George looks good, more than good, really. He’s not wearing the Dream hoodie this time, small mercies, Dream thinks, and is instead wearing a black sweater, sitting in his room with the soft glow of pink LED lights behind him, and Dream knows he’s going to struggle to not let slip how pretty George looks.

“Hiya,” George says when their video connects, bringing a sweater pawed hand up to wave, and Dream is already suffering, “You look nice.”

He’s suffering even more now, compliments from George falling to a different part of his brain now he’s realised he wants to kiss him till he can’t breathe, and he wonders if George can see the blush travelling up his neck.

“You do too,” Dream replies softly, pushing more compliments down the back of his throat with a cough, “So, what did you want to show me?”

“Nuh uh,” George smiles, and Dream feels cliche when he thinks his heart skips a beat at the sight, “Send me the finished video first.”

Dream chuckles, eyes rolling fondly, “Nothing for free for you, huh?”

“Nope,” George responds, lips popping on the p sound, and Dream’s arm aches at the need to reach through the screen and brush his thumb over George’s bottom lip.

Dream forces his eyeline down to his files and away from the way George’s hair curls so prettily over his ears, and drags the Google Drive file with the finished video into Discord to send, and feels weirdly nervous about it.

He *knows* he’s a good editor, probably the best of them three, but he wants George to love it, wants George to be happy with the finished product, wants to be the reason George smiles today.

“I didn’t think you’d say yes, to be honest,” George muses, and Dream is back to watching the webcam as George clicks open on the video, dragging through it all, “I was kind of joking.”

“I know,” Dream says quietly, feeling a bit shy under George’s gaze, feeling like he’s about to spill his guts about something he really shouldn’t, “But I know editing stresses you out, so, yeah, I don’t mind doing it, if it makes you worry less, or whatever.”

“Oh,” George says delicately, as if he wasn’t aware Dream knew those things, “Thank you, Dream, really.”

Dream laughs a little, at himself for the way he feels a serotonin boost from George saying thank you, and at George for not knowing instantly how Dream feels.

“It’s no big deal, George,” Dream says kindly, wondering if George can tell how fast his heart is pounding, “It didn’t take too long anyway, I hope it’s good.”

“Of course it’ll be good,” George scoffs, bringing one of his hands up to sweep through soft hair, and Dream wants to *touch*, “You edited it, literally everything you edit is good.”

It warms Dream, the way George says it with such sureness, that he really thinks Dream could edit anything into a good video, and all Dream can think about is how fucking endearing George is, how he hasn’t even properly watched the video and yet he’s telling Dream it’s good, smiling gently whilst he does, and Dream wonders how everyone who knows George doesn’t fall in love.

“Thanks,” Is all Dream says.

George giggles, laugh lines on show, and Dream longs for the day he gets to hear George’s laugh in person, gets to watch the way he runs his tongue over his teeth, “I’ve been on the MCC server all day, by the way.”

“You have?”

“Yeah,” George replies, looking at Dream as if it’s obvious he has been, “You asked me too? Remember? In return for you editing my video.”

“Oh, yeah,” Dream nervously laughs, because the more he thinks about it the more he realises he still would have edited the video for George without any conditions, just to see George smile, “How’s it going?”

“Good!” George smiles, hands gesturing adorably as he talks, and Dream wants to hang up before he says something stupid, “I got like, ten minutes on hole in the wall.”

George looks so happy, so *proud* of himself, that Dream feels his self resolve chip away more and more, and the need to tell George he thinks he’s half in love with him grow and grow.

“That’s so good, George,” Dream replies, and watches intently as George blushes a little, biting his bottom lip as he smiles, “We can practice together right now, if you like?”

“Nah,” George says, shaking his head, hair falling back over his eyebrows, “I just wanna talk, if that’s good with you?”

“Of course it is,” Dream says quickly, probably too quick to not give away that he would spend hours watching a blank screen with George if that’s what he wanted, “Have you had a nice day?”

“Yeah,” George nods, rubbing his eyes of sleep, “Missed you, though.”

Dream’s stomach clenches, happiness filling his entire being, “I was right here, idiot.”

“I know,” George shrugs, fingers leaving his eyes and instead playing with the hair on the nape of his neck, and Dream is filled with jealousy of George himself, “But you were busy editing, I missed just being on call with you.”

Dream thinks it’s kind of messed up for George to be saying shit like that right now, when Dream is fighting the urge to tell George he was thinking about him the entire time.

“You still could have called me, I wouldn’t have minded.”

“Didn’t want to bother you,” George says quietly, and Dream thinks he must be tired, voice pitched lower than usual, a tone that Dream is only used to late at night.

“You’d never bother me, George.”

George stops still at twirling his hair, staring into his camera at Dream, and *fuck*, maybe Dream had said too much, let too much affection seep into his own tone, or maybe his eyes were giving it away, pools of green bordering on something beyond friendly love.

Whatever it was, it makes George smile into his wrist.

“I’m so happy we met, Dream,” George says shyly, and Dream feels his own breath stuttering, “I don’t know what I’d do without you.”

Dream’s heart is pounding, almost hurting with how fast it’s beating against his ribcage, longing making it go faster by the way George is looking at him so *softly*, tinged with something Dream never noticed before.

“You’d be fine,” Dream says back equally unsurely, “You’re the most amazing person I know, George, you’d still be exactly where you are right now without me, it’s *me* who is the most thankful we met.”

“Why?” George asks, head tilted to the side in an lovable display of confusion.

It’s a heavy loaded question, one that’s bound to give him away, but Dream finds himself not really caring. Not when George looks like that, all intrigue and blushing happiness, and Dream thinks if he tells George how he feels now and George doesn’t feel the same, it won’t matter, because George loves him anyway, just maybe not the same.

“Because you’re the best thing to ever happen to me,” Dream starts, and knows he’s about to word vomit every romantic realistion he’s come to in the past day, “You’re honestly the first thing I think about when I wake up, usually just if you’re awake too, but sometimes I think about how well your stream went the night before, and this morning I woke up and thought about how pretty you’d look in the morning, with a stupid bed head, or yawning into the side of my neck and I know I shouldn’t think those things, but I can’t help it.”

Dream takes a breath, braving a glance at George, but the older looks mostly the same, watching Dream right back with a small smile, it gives Dream the confidence to go on.

“You make me so happy George, I don’t even know if you know that everything you do is so fucking special to me, editing your video was honestly hell,” Dream says, laughing when George lets out a wet chuckle, “Only because I guess it was the thing that made me actually realise I *want* you, in like, every way, I want to kiss you and I want to call you mine and I want to tell you every day how important you are to me, and how just one goodbye from you makes me want to cry because I hate that you’re leaving me, even if it’s only to go to sleep, because I want to spend every minute with you.”

“Dream,” George says, voice cracking a little, and Dream aches at the way his eyes look a little wet, unsure if he’s ruined everything or not, “I don’t know what to say, you’re, I don’t, fuck.”

“It’s okay,” Dream says kindly, ignoring the way his stomach plummets, “I guess I just had to tell you, but you don’t have to say anything back, don’t worry.”

“No,” George whines, scrubbing his cheek in frustration and Dream wants to be with him to soothe the red skin, “I want to say stuff too, I just, I need like a minute.”

Dream laughs, and feels his stomach rise again, thoughts racing with the way George doesn’t seem upset, more overwhelmed, but in a good way, and maybe editing George’s video for him is about to be the best decision he’s ever made.

“I’m not good at this shit, okay?” George says pointedly, giggling when Dream holds his hands up in defence, “But, me too, for longer since yesterday though, um, I’ve liked you for a really long time, actually, like probably since the start of the year, or whenever you sent me that stupid mirror picture of you and Patches.”

“Oh my god, *really*?” Dream exclaims, so happy he doesn’t think he can properly express his emotions because holy shit, George likes him too, and has suffered in silence over it and Dream would almost feel bad if not for the obvious glee clouding George’s features.

“Yes, now shut up, I have more to say,” George fake glares, cheeks flush with happiness that mirrors Dream’s own, “You’re incredible Dream, sometimes I struggle to comprehend the amount of success I have but then I think a lot of it comes down to you, how amazing you are, and I know I’m amazing too, but you just *entrance* everyone, and make so many people happy, and I think you don’t even realise I’m one of those people, that sometimes I have such a shit day and then you ask to call and suddenly nothing matters because I can listen to you ramble about something and everything seems so small compared to how much I love you.”

Dream knows his own eyes are wet, and he thinks when he opens his mouth he might choke a little on his own voice, so unbelievably filled with joy, “George, fuck, I love you too, so much.”

George grins, wiping a stray tear away quickly, and all Dream can think about is that he hopes next time George cries he’s there to wipe a tear away with a kiss.

End Notes

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